VERSES

984
15

SENT TO

*Lady CHARLES SPENCER

With a painted Taffety,

Occaſioned by ſaying ſhe was low in pocket and could not buy a new Gown.

SINCE the times are ſo bad and are ſtill growing worſe,
You may make this your own without ſinking your purſe.

The nymphs and the fauns ſay the pattern is new,
And that Flora's gay pencil deſign'd it, is true;
It was finiſh'd and deſtin'd for Beauty's fair queen;
So to whom it belongs is moſt eaſily ſeen.
Tho' flow'rets ſoon wither, yet theſe will not die,
When fading reviv'd by a beam from your eye:
If you only breathe on them they'll fill the whole room
With ſweets far ſurpaſſing Arabia's perfume.
Refuſe not this trifle; your title is clear,
And Spencer will vouch it, tho' married a year.

* Mary Beauclerc, daughter of lord Vere, and wife of lord Charles Spencer.